### NEWS FOR EARL FITZWILLIAM

HAROLD WATKINS CAN TELL HIM WHERE THE COCOS CACHE IS.

Harold, Though Warned of the Dangers, Follows a Kind Old Sailorman's Explicit Advice and Finds, Near the Morris Canal, the Mey to the Buried Treasure.

Oh, the gold we hid and ourselves we rid
Of all the pirate loot.
Then we choked the mate and slew the eight
With poisoned passion fruit.

and their bones they guard she treasure hard Down by the peanut tree;
While their secret rests within the breasts
Of Percy, Harold and me.
—Ballad of the Gentle Pirate.

It was a calm day in May. Not a ripple disturbed the quiet waters of the Morris Canal, while the peaceful docks of the Pennsylvania Railroad hard by cast a fitful shade on Harold Watkins as he slinked stealthily and bare legged upon the hole of the wild muskrat near at hand, with his stick poised to strike.

But hold! There was a hail from the Linden avenue bridge, that noble structure which spans the Morris Canal right where the heavy traffic of Jersey City's industries rumbles over into distant Greenville, Harold stopped at the very mouth of the muskrat hole and cast his frank; boyish eyes up to the bridge. There stood an old man. He beckoned to Harold.

It was a wild looking figure that met Harold's gaze. A very old man, it was, who stood there with his palsied hands grippins the head of a strangely carved cane. A long gray beard hung down to the second button of his neat shirt; long white hair fringed his haggard face. Beneath the shaggy thatch his deep sunken eyes glowed with a strange light. He chewed something nervously. It might have been that he was chewing tobacoo. Harold did not

"Young man," piped the stranger in a high; quavering voice, "can you tell me where the old Bell and Dogohain Inn stands? Ah, many's the sweet glass of good Canary I used to sup there with the roaring; rollicking boys of the Spanish Main and Gloucester, Mass., in the old, old days. Ah, me; but it is all gone-all gone."

The mysterious old man, whom Harold judged rightly to be a sailor, paused to wipe a trickling tear from his eye. But hist, boy!" The old man's demeanor

changed at once. His whole body trembled. His hands shook on the top of his strangely carved cane and his eyes glinted like the lights of far distant New York on a foggy

"The old Bell and Dogchain must be wiped away, boy. But if there is any bit of it left standing there may be time yet for you to make a fortune, my son. Mark well my words. I am an old man, rapidly tottering to the potter's field, bowed with my sins and burdened with my dreadful secrets. I must tell you my secret ere I

From Barbaree to Chillicothe and from Hakodate to Canandaigua have I wandered, hunting always for the one man in all the world who shares with me the secret of Cocos Island. I have not found him. He is dead. Listen well, boy. At the back wall of the old Bell and Dogohain, fifteen feet and three inches from the ground and five rows of bricks east of the chimney.

five rows of bricks east of the chimney, there is a brick. Yes, boy, there is a brick. Dig there, and what you find will make you richer than Monte Cristo.

"But 'ware, boy; 'ware the frightful curse that haunts what you will find there. Blood and the dying curses of many good men and true lie locked up in that wall. Have a care that you approach the treasure with clean hands!"

So saying the old man of mystery hobbled.

ciean hands!"

So saying the old man of mystery hobbled away down the bridge, leaving Harold pale and trembling. He cast his eyes to the ground. When he raised them he saw the old sailor disappearing through the sallyport of Billy Hennessey's grotto. That was the last Harold ever saw of the man

Harold stood wrapped in thought for ome minutes. When he had unwrapped imself an inspiration seized him. He some minutes. himself an inspiration seized him. He went straight down through the Penn-sylvania Railroad yards, past the old roundsylvania Railroad yards, past the old roundhouse to the edge of the canal. All thoughts
of muskrats had been banished from his
boyish mind; his chest bounded with exultation as he walked, and the terrible song of
the fifteen men on the dead man's chest
rumbled in his head.

But wait—what was that sight which
met his eyes there by the side of the old
canal? A ruin? Yes, a dilapidated and
shabby ruin, only one wall left standing
and the charred ends of joists sticking out
in the calm morning air.

in the charred ends of joints strening out in the calm morning air.

Harold ran excitedly about over the piles of old tomato cans to the rear. One look he took. Yes, there was the chimney and a part of the wall of the old tavern still standing by it. Quiokly Harold drew from his rooket his over ready tave. his pocket his ever ready tape measure Carefully be measured fifteen feet and three inches from the ground, then he counted five rows of bricks east of the chimney. Yes, there was a brick there, just as the mysterious mariner had said. Harold pushed the brick. It moved under his touch.

With a gasp of excitement the lad drew out the brick, then another and another, until he had a hole large enough to admit arm. Breathing a prayer, he thrust arm into the opening and his hand ched something round and hard. He about eight inches long, heavily
with copper bands and studded bound with copper bands. The with bits of steel about the ends. The od was old and weatherworn. Harold the hole. He drew out another cask, smaller than the first, but bound just

The innocent lad thought of the kind The innocent lad thought of the kind old sailor man and of how truthfully he had told him of the mystery of the bell and dog chain and his heart was moved with pity for the salty wreck. But then he remembered the warning of the bloody curses that lung over these two casks of wood and copper, and a cold sweat broke out under his undershirt. He felt his knees give way just above the garters, and he would have swooned had it not been that he didn't.

It was but the work of an hour for Harold race home. There, in the dampness of coal cellar, he broke open the two casks with a cold chisel. From each he drew two tightly rolled parchments. They were old and yellow with age. By the light of a candle Harold read the faded words scrawled there in brown ink:

three paces from the old mesquite bushthen turn nor' by nor'east and take a sight through your closed hands over the top of

Harold strained his eyes breathlessly and moved the candle over closer to the parch-His heart beat every once in a while.

fifteen thousand Spanish doubloons, all d, which we took from the caravel Infante Alfonso Pio Christino Eduardo Etcetera-of es of eight twenty-two thousand-blood of wenty-may Christ have mercy on them. een silver crucifixes studded with emera crown-King of Zanzibar. By the sabianca I have this wealth and yet I of thirst-from Capt, Kidder-boiled in sneet oil-near the asparagus bush-dig

diamonds Harold, trembling, unrolled the ancient cap when his eyes had grown blurred from eading the pirate's confession. There he were continued to the outlines of Cocos Island; there were the outlines of Cocos Island, there were cratham Bay and Wafer Bay. A red cross in the northwest corner of the island still marked the spot. About it there were zigzag marks and tracings with figures and lettering.

tterings.
It was all there! Yes, there lay the key
the buried pelf of pirates. Yet how the
good of men shrieked from the dingy
trehment, so long hidden there by the

Haroid took counsel with Percy, his friend, Percy helped him to decipher and

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of the manuscripts and to read the rebus of the map. Together they kept their secret for two long years. Then, on Mon-day Harold sent this letter to THE SUN: 896 Bergen ave.,

Jersey City.
GENTLEMEN: Would you be kind enough to give me the address of Earl Fitzwilliam as the treasure buried on Cocos Island, and as I have papers giving full description as to where the treasure lies, which I came in pos-session of through an old sailor and would like to communicate with him on that subject.

Yours respectfully, HABOLD E. WATEINS. A reporter took the information to Harold and from his own lips heard the story of his strange experience.

OUT OF JAIL BY WEDDING. But Mr. Maltz's Pentience Was Too Late for Freedom Last Night.

Jake Maltz, a furrier who lives at 373 East Tenth street, made a brave attempt to get out of Ludlow street jail late yesterday afternoon, but he was disappointed Jake even went so far as to get married in order to escape confinement, but it was all in vain.

Jake was to I ave been married on June 1 o Miss Esther Schwartz, 19 years old, of 55 Ridge street. Miss Schwartz's brother Joe went so far as to rent a ball on Columbia street and sent out wedding invitations.

Several days ago Miss Schwartz, Joe and Lawyer Harry Stackell showed up in the City Court with a complaint against Maltz for breach of promise and obtained from Justice McCarthy an order for his arrest Deputy Sheriff Daniel G. Terry found the furrier on Monday afternoon and slammed him in the Ludlow street lockup in default of bail. He sent an emissary to his fiancée

of bail. He sent an emissary to his fiances yesterday morning telling her to come to the jail as soon as possible.

Miss Schwartz consulted Brother Joe and Lawyer Stackell. The two got Louis Hirsch of 55 Stanton street and then went to the jail, where they found a penitent Maltz. He would gladly marry Esther if she would call off her complaint. Yes, Jake would be Johnny on the spot on June 1, as agreed, but Esther couldn't see things just that way. If Jake was really serious in his intentions she would marry him then and there, but no promises as to future

in his intentions she would marry him then and there, but no promises as to future dates. Maltz thought the matter over for a while and then said that he was ready to be married right then.

So Lawyer Stackell, who is a notary public, drew up the papers and performed a civil marriage ceremony, with Brother Joe and Louis Hirsch as witnesses. Maltz made for his hat in a jiffy and grabbing his bride by the arm said: "Come on, we'll get out of this place."

But a stubborn keeper protested. He said that he had received no authority to release the prisoner and didn't porpose to do so until he had.

Lawyer Stackell said that the only way to secure Jake's release was to get the Judge to sign an order vacating the order of arrest. Then it would be necessary, the lawyer explained, to have this new order served on the Sheriff, who in turn would serve it on the keeper of the jail. It was figured out that Jake would have to stay in jail over night but might be freed to-day.

HUNT FOR O'CALLAGHAN HEIRS. The Poet Politician Left a Small Estate Which None Has Claimed.

Memories of the old days were revived vesterday by an advertisement in the newspapers for the heirs of Thomas O'Donnell O'Callaghan, the politician and poet of local renown twenty or thirty years ago. O'Callaghan's name was almost always shortened into the sobriquet Tad.

When the late William Geoghegan, "the poet Geoghegan," flourished in the old Thirteenth ward and wrote the ballads of

Doet Geognegan, nourised in the lost of Thirteenth ward and wrote the ballads of Poverty Hollow, Tad O'Callaghan was his friend and associate in poetry, in politics and everything pertaining to fraternity. Geoghegan, the major poet, lived at 59 Broome street. He was a clerk in the Supreme Court. O'Callaghan had a job in the Register's office and lived at 46 Ridge street. Those were the days of Congressman Tim Campbell and Alderman Gus Menninger.

The poet Geoghegan died in the '80s. O'Callaghan died in Gouverneur Hospital in 1889. His relatives having unsuccessfully searched through the old Thirteenth ward, the character of which has been completely transformed, finally resorted to the newspapers to find rightful heirs to a small amount of property left. O'Callaghan is believed to have left four children.

C. A. SCHWAB TO MARRY. Bride-to-Be a Settlement Worker -He's a Philanthrepist, Toe.

Announcement was made yesterday of the betrothal of Cari Albert Schwab and Miss Louise E. Parker.

Mr. Schwab is a well to do farmer of Sharon, Litchfield county, Conn., and a brother of Gustav H. Schwab, the steamship man. Miss Parker is the daughter of a Boston merchant. She has been a worker in the Warren Goddard Settlement House at 246

Warren Goddard Settlement House at 246
East Thirty-fourth street for several years,
and there met Mr. Schwab.

"There has been a disposition in some
quarters," said Gustav H. Schwab last night,
"to make the announcement of my brother's
coming marriage a romance on the order
of his fellow worker in philanthropy, James
G. Phelps Stokes, who married Miss Rose
Pastor.

"Now my brother is not a millionaire any more than I am. He is just a farmer who has been able to devote some months each year to philanthropic enterprises. He has done so for several years. I cannot say—don't in fact know—when they are to be married. He is in Sharon, his fiances probably at home with her father in Beacon street, Boston.

Actors' Fund Election.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Actors' Fund of America was held yesterday afternoon at the Hudson Theatre. day afternoon at the Hudson Theatre. These officers were chosen: President, Daniel Frohman; first vice-president, Joseph R. Grismer; second vice-president, Antonio Pastor; treasurer, Henry B. Harris; secretary, Frank McKee; trustees for two years, Milton Nobles, Harry Harwood, William Harris, Ralph Delmore, Marc Klaw, Charles Burnham, Clay M. Greene, Percy G. Williams

The Cruiser Baltimore's Flag L wered. The cruiser Baltimore, lying at the navy ward in Brooklyn, went out of commission at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, when her flag was lowered and Lieutenant-Commander C. M. Stone turned the craft over to the Department of Construction and Repair. It is said that the Baltimore, which went into commission in 1890, will be converted into a

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### CRUSADERS SING IN COURT

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE LEAGUERS ALSO PRAY FOR JURORS.

I'wo Hundred Men. Women and Children Go. From Atlantic City to May's Landing and Chant Hymns as They March -They Are After the Sunday Saloons.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 14 .- Reformers heading the crusade against Sunday liquor selling in Atlantic City made a demonstration before the opening of court at May's Landing this morning when more than 200 men, women and children marched from a special train to the courthouse singing hymns.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Rescue the Perishing." and other well known camp meeting songs were sung as the crusaders marched through the main streets of the county seat and into the courtroom. There prayers were made by the ministers in charge of the delegation for guidance for the members of the Grand Jury who have the cases of alleged license violations

The reformers made the trip from Atlantic City in a special electric train on which free transportation was furnished to all who joined the crusade. The Rev. C. D. Sinkinson, head of the ministerial movement to close Sunday saloons, and President Benjamin Garrison of the Good Citizenship League, headed the delegation with members of the "evidence committees" who have caused the arrests of more than a score of liquor dealers and who will furnish most of the evidence to the Grand Jury. Nearly a thousand persons followed the crusaders in another train and many saloon keepers, politicians and lawyers were in the audience that heard the prayers and

hymns of the crusaders. Supreme Court Justice Trenchard, who arrived shortly after the services were concluded, created consternation among the saloon men when at the conclusion of his charge he ordered the Grand Jury to

remain in session throughout the summer. "The Court is of the opinion." he said. that the public welfare demands that the Grand Jury should not be discharged. Therefore when you finish your work the time being you will present your in-dictments and then hold yourselves in readiness until the fall term of court to appear whenever your services shall be

In his direction to the jury regarding the liquor cases Justice Trenchard said:
"There will be laid before you evidence of the sale of liquor in this county on Sunday. Such sale is contrary to law and if proof is submitted to you of violation and if proof is submitted to you of violation of this law your duty is to indict the person or corporation responsible for such sale."

Referring to gambling Justice Trenchard declared that the suppression of all public gambling lay with the police and that the Court would expect from officials proof of any violation of State laws against games of chance.

are on the Grand Jury, which probably will make no report for several days. News of Plays and Players.

David Belasco announced yesterday that he had engaged Charlotte Walker for next season. She will be supported by Frank Keenan and will appear, it is said, in the dramatization of Thomas W. Lawson's "Friday the 13th."

Arnold Daly will leave the cast of "The Boys of Company B" on Wednesday, May 22, and will sail for Europe the following day. While in Europe he will visit London, Paris and Berlin in search of new plays. Mr. Daly has secured the rights to the one act playlet by Mark Twain, known as Mark Twain's adaptation of Timmory's dramatization of Mark Twain's story, entitled "How I Became an Agricultural Editor," and in addition he has received the American rights to "Van Dyke," the one act play in which Beerbohm Tree is now playing with great success in London.

The regular season of the Irving Place Theatre will close to-night with a testimonial performance to Mrs. Georgine Neuendorff. The play is "Preciosa," by P. A. Wolff, music by C. M. von Weber. of Company B" on Wednesday, May 22, and

Rawle-Lefferts. Miss Mary Cozzine Lefferts and Henry Rawle of Philadelphia were married yesterday afternoon at St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, at Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street. The ceremony was per-formed at 4 o'clock by Bishop Greer and the formed at 4 o'clock by Bishop Greer and the Rev. W. Leighton Parks, the rector.
The bride was given away by her father. Marshall C. Lefferts. She was attended by Mary Amory Hare of Philadelphia, a cousin of the bridegroom: Emily D. Grugan, Dorothy Pierrepont Edwards and Aleid Schenck. Mr. Rawle, the bridegroom, is a son of Francis Rawle of Philadelphia. Mr. Rawle gave his bachelor dinner last Friday night at Delmonico's, when he entertained his attendants of yesterday. These were Ralph Strasburger of Philadelphia, Raymond Rodgers Neilson, Raymond C. Lefferts, Jr., Louis Neilson, John Kane Mills and Francis Rawle, Jr.

Heald-Butler. WASHINGTON, May 14.—Miss Marcia Flagg Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Butler, formerly of New York, and Edward Cresswell Heald of this city were married at noon to-day in the home of the bride's parents by the Rev. Dr. William P. Stevenson, pastor of the First Presbyterian stevenson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, N. Y. Miss Katherine Heald, sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Langdon Bellows, Miss Elizabeth Hubbard and Miss Caroline Brownson, all of Yonkers. Mr. Heald's best man was Henry Wilder Heald of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the ushers were John Flannery, Charles F. Wilson, Ethan Flagg Butler and Charles Marshall Butler, brothers of the bride, and Andrew Y. Bradley and Charles H, Bradley. BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Duchess of Sutherland is not only "great lady" among titled ladies and a beauty among the beauties of hondon, with one of the finest homes in London for entertaining, but at her recent reception of 10,000 guests the presence of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Anthony Hope recalled the fact that the Duchess had written a novel herself, and the sight of Mr. Tree and Miss Marion Terry reminded her friends that the Duchess had also a place among the playwrights. Gilbert Chesterton, Saleeby, Mr. Nevinson, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lady Betty Balfour and Lewis Harcourt, with many other distinguished writers, were among the guests. which were received at Stafford House, the great house which Queen Victoria shrewdly called a palace as against her own Buckingham "House."

In Mr. T. E. Kebbel's "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories" is a long description of Lady Jeune's Sunday afternoons. It is supposed to be the crime of new journalism to pry into private life and publish intimate details to the world. But although no one since the days of Lady Blessington has held the place in the social intellectual field that Lady Jeune occupies, and every one of activity in literature, in science, in journalism, as well as in public life, has been entertained at her house, it has been reserved for an old school Tory to publish the first account of the Harley street functions even up to as late a date as three or four years ago.

Mr. Joseph Lyons, chairman of the company of caterers that bears his name, is taking to novel writing in company with Mr. Cecil Raleigh of drama fame. Mr. Lyons has written poetry and has had several pictures in the academy. His first novel to be published soon is to form No. 1 of the Lyons Library-a series of novels.

Mr. H. B. Irving and his brother Laurence Henry Irving. No less than six books have been written about Sir Henry since his death, and there are at least two others to follow-one by Austin Brereton and another by Mr. Joseph Hatton. The final life by the sons will not be published for several years, and for satisfactory reasons. It promises to be an important book, for both sons have demonstrated that they have literary ability.

Prof. William T. Brewster of Columbia has in press a book entitled "Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism. The book contains selections from some fifteen representative English and American critics, including Dryden, Coleridge, Lamb, Poe, Arnold, Pater and Leslie Stephen. The aim of the author is to present a variety of selections representing different kinds of material and diverse points of view as an introduction to the reading of criticism and the study of the historical development

Hotel men, business men and city officials As a proof that the Ruskin cult is by no means dead it is said that crowds visited the gallery where his original drawings were recently on exhibition and as much as a thousand dollars was paid for a single

"Individual Training in Our Colleges," by Clarence F. Birdseye, is a study of the college student's problems from the student's point of view. The author shows how widely the college training of to-day differs from that of fifty years ago through lack of personal contact between the student and the professors. The remedy he proposes involves a totally new conception of the place the Greek letter fraternities should occupy in college life.

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel is, according to the author, his best work. Mr. Marriott is a student of story telling and lives in remote Cornwall, where he may study with few distractions.

Written in 1811 and suppressed before publication, Lander's "Commentary" on Trotter's "Memoirs of the Last Days of Charles James Fox" sees the light for the first time in the centenary year of the Whig statesman's death. The book is edited by Stephen Wheeler and contains Landor's own observations on the policy of Pitt and Fox, on the Napoleonic wars and on the characters of the leading men of the day, the literature, art, morals, tastes and pursuits of the times. The only known copy of the book was preserved by Landor's friends, Robert Southey and Lord Houghton, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Crewe, who has allowed it to be used for the present edition.

The Atlantic which has so long devoted its pages to purely literary matter, has in the current number a timely and popular article on "Railroad Accidents." The writer attests by statistics that while legislation has to a large extent eliminated many of the causes of accidents, fatal casualities have increased during the last six months. High speed of trains, inexperience and overwork of employees are given as causes of the trouble, yet "the fundamental weakness of American railroading from the standpoint of safety is the widespread and almost universal lack of discipline." Prof. Dixon, the writer, says in conclusion: "What the country needs is a Federal board of inspection of long if not of permanent tenure,

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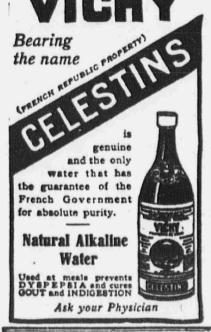
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Mr. John Galsworthy, who has come prominently to the front among the writers of fiction, has asked to have it stated that the name under which he writes is not a pseudonym, but is his own name as it was his father's and grandfather's before him. Mr. Galsworthy has been called a critic-novelist, whose books are criticisms of life-scathing indictments of the conventionali-



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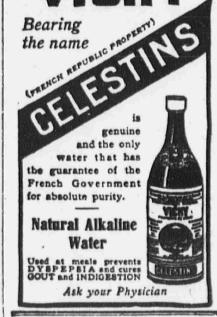
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